first meeting with Henry Irving was told during my jubilee. Then, to my amazement, I read that on that famous night when I was playing Puck at the Princess's, and caught nay toe in the trap, " a young man with dark hair and a white face rushed forward from the crowd and said : * Never mind, darling. Don't cry ! One day you will be queen of the stage/ It was Henry Irving *I* "

In view of these legends, I ought to say all the more stoutly that, until I went to the Lyceum Theatre, Henry Irving was nothing to me and I was nothing to him. I never consciously thought that he would become a great actor. He had no high opinion of *my* acting ! He has said since that he thought me at the Queen's Theatre charming and individual as a woman, but as an actress *fioydenish*! I believe that he hardly spared me even so much definite thought as this. His soul was not more surely in his body than in the theatre, and I, a woman who was at this time caring more about love and life than the theatre, must have been to him more or less unsym-pathetic. He thought of nothing else, cajed for nothing else; worked day and night; went Vhhout his dinner to buy a book that might be helpful in studying, or a stage jewel that might be helpful to wear. I remember his telling me that he once bought a sword with a jewelled hilt, and hung it at the foot of his bed. All night he kept getting up and striking matches to see it, shifting its position, rapt in admiration of it.

He had it all in him when we acted together that foggy night, but he could express very little. Many of his defects sprang from Ms not having been on the stage as a child. He was stiff with self-consciousness; his eyes were dull and his face heavy. The piece we played was Garrick's boiled-down version of " The Taming of the Shrew," and he, as Petruchio, appreciated the humour and